

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

## AND

### LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1806.

[No. 34.]

#### Miscellaneous Selections.

"Various, that the mind—studious of change  
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

#### FLORIO AND LUCILLA.

A MORAL TALE.

CONCLUDED.

SOON, however, the presence of Florio became offensive to the Colonel; and soon also did Lucilla begin to perceive, with a woman's eye, that in his constant assiduities to her there was something more than mere friendship, especially as in the whole of his behavior to her husband he was now as cold and reserved, as, at first, he had been warm, open, and generous.

As yet he had not dared plainly to reveal to her the intentions which continued every day more and more to agitate his guilty breast; but at length, borne away by a passion, which, having nothing in view but his own gratification, set reason and virtue at defiance—he scrupled not to use every seductive persuasion, every unmanly stratagem, that might tend to inveigle her into his polluted arms.

In the conduct of Lucilla, at this crisis, there was a display of conjugal attachment, and, what is more, of conjugal magnanimity, which would have redounded to the glory of the most unfilled matron of Rome, while it was Rome's boast that she was virtuous.

Over all the insidious manœuvres of the undoer of her peace she nobly triumphed; and the Colonel, mortified at the idea of being thus spurned at, baffled and defied—defied too by a woman—presently contrived to level the whole fury of a heart fraught with disappointment and revenge, at the luckless Florio, to whom nevertheless he bore no enmity farther than as he appeared to be the only impediment to the completion of his wishes.

By accident, one day, the unhappy youth—in anxiously searching for a few simples, which the indisposed state of his Lucilla had, for some time, seemed to render necessary for her—unwarily transgressed the boundaries allotted for the garrison. This offence—if an offence it could be called—was judged by the Colonel a sufficient pretext for ordering Florio to prison; and there, from the vile stench and dampness of the place, he was seized with a fever, which communicating its baneful effects to Lucilla—whom no force could tear, one moment from the loved partner of her bosom—threatened soon to put a period to the miserable existence of both.

While thus they remained in a dreary dungeon, oppressed with sickness, and barely permitted to breathe, a letter was secretly conveyed to Lucilla, from the detested author of her woes, intimating, that if she would at length consent to quit her husband, an elegant house should be at her command, and nothing omitted which might promote the recovery of her health, and the establishment of her happiness.

In answer to this letter, having with no small difficulty obtained the assistance of a pen and some ink and paper, she wrote to him with a trembling hand what follows:

"Know, worthless man, that though I were condemned to expire this instant in the midst of tortures, (and more excruciating ones there cannot be than those I already feel) I yet would not accept of life, with all the splendor the world could bestow, if, in order to enjoy so paltry a blessing, I should be forced, by sacrificing my own honor, to sacrifice the honor of my husband. Think not—vainly think not, that the principles of an uncorruptible integrity, and the pangs inseparable from a sense of unmerited oppression, may not exist together in one bosom—the bosom, too, of a weak and unbefriended woman!—Yes, wretched seducer, in mine they do, in mine they *shall* exist while I exist myself. —The insults I have experienced from you, are the more base, as my heart tells me, and you must yourself be conscious, that in the whole of my conduct I never betrayed the least indiscretion, which could possibly encourage you to imagine me capable of indulging a thought incompatible with innocence, or injurious to my Florio. Cease then to aggravate my woes with importunities, odious to me, as they are infamous in the sight of heaven; and, above all, let me conjure you to avoid my presence.—Enfeebled as this hand is, and little capable of affording assistance either to my husband or myself, yet, nerved by desperation, it might, perhaps, be raised with fatal vengeance against the most abandoned of men, should he dare, even in her dying moments, to approach the eyes of

LUCILLA.

This letter spoke daggers to the very soul of the Colonel.—His heart, naturally humane, and not yet wholly lost to the charms of innocence—to every sentiment, in fine, that constitutes the man of real probity and honor—was now torn with remorse: nor could he obtain a moment's rest, till (yielding to the innate though long perverted nobleness of disposition) he had dispatched a written message to the virtuous heroine, humbly begging her pardon, and the pardon of her injured husband, for his past behavior; and declaring to her in terms of the most bitter contrition, that till that moment he knew not the value of a sex, to which she was herself an ornament, and to which, he blushed to confess, at length, he had through life acted, but unconsciously acted, as a villain.

With this message he sent an order for the immediate release of Florio, as also positive directions to afford both Lucilla and him every indulgence and accommodation which their illness might require, or which, at least, the situation of the garrison would permit.

It was likewise his intention to procure for Florio, without delay, the command of a company. But, alas! this intention was rendered fruitless by the termination of the fever, which still continued to prey upon them, and which, the very week after this sudden reverse in their

fortune, carried them both off, within two hours of each other, leaving to their departed souls this consolation, (if a consolation it could be to them in heaven) that their remains were destined to be interred in one grave, amidst the sighs and lamentations of the most numerous concourse of spectators that ever graced the funeral of a deserving and truly martyred pair.

From a London Paper.

#### CUPID IN INDIA.

A FACT.

A GENTLEMAN of property in Bengal, wrote to a friend in London, deploring the state of beauty in that scorching climate, and requesting him to prevail on some young lady, well born and educated, with a tolerable share of personal charms, to make a voyage to India, giving his honor to make her immediately his wife. The gentleman who received the commission, was induced to send his daughter, who, to a disengaged heart, added beauty, music, and every accomplishment.

The fair one bade adieu to the bleak shores of England, and, glowing with triumphant hopes, found herself in a few months on those of the Ganges. But, alas! the expected lover did not appear to greet her arrival: business had carried him some hundred leagues up the country; but foreseeing the arrival of the English fleet during his absence, he had provided for the accommodation of the lady in the house of a factor.

Two months elapsed before his return; then panting with expectation, he flew to his friend's to throw himself before the future arbitress of his fate. Whether his impassioned fancy had drawn the lady in colours beyond those of nature, or whether the style of her beauty differed from the picture he had formed, it is certain he beheld her with a coldness almost bordering on aversion. The capricious god for once was uniform; the lady found herself as little captivated as the youth, and several succeeding interviews served but to confirm their mutual dislike. The gentleman, finding there was no danger of the lady's breaking her heart for his peridy, offered her a compensation of sixteen thousand pounds, to be released from his engagement, which was gladly accepted. The friend, who had been laying by for the event, now boldly stood forward as her lover, professing the most ardent passion; the lady was pleased, and the nuptials were celebrated. No sooner had the rejected beauty become a wife, and totally out of the reach of her first lover, than his eyes were opened—he was astonished, that he had before been blind to her perfections, was seized with despair, took to his bed, and for some time was pronounced in a state incapable of recovery.—If a vertical sun sublimates the body and mind to such extravagancies as these, let us be thankful that we may have his beams as chance, and be content with humbler feelings.



FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

## Sentimental Gleaner...No. 2.

\* I have stray'd

\* Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a sweet

\* From every flower that beautified my way.\*

HOWEVER mankind are disposed to befriend the unfortunate, they are soon wearied with a recital of complaints; and the less we proclaim our cares and troubles abroad, the more we shall be respected. It is necessary, as much as possible, to banish them from our own minds. The journey of life is short—and it is folly to mar present enjoyment, by a rehearsal of evils, or to pursue objects as necessary to our happiness, which lie far beyond our reach, and which, if we have the good fortune to attain, still leave us far distant from felicity. Duty directs us to enjoy the present moment, and not to hanker after a something unpossessed.

\* Not happiness itself makes good her name;  
\* Our very wishes give us not our wish;  
\* How distant oft the thing we doat on most,  
\* From that for which we doat, felicity?"

It is frequently the case, that the very periods, which we were so impatient should arrive, reach us without the power to satisfy, or we soon become satiated with possession. Unfortunately our greatest enjoyments proceed from the expectation of a future good, we wish to obtain a something beyond our reach, and HOPE, that friendly companion of human life, animates us in the pursuit. Thus immersed in expectation, we hurry thro' the events of life, till old age overtakes us, and we fall a victim to its attendant diseases. Let us learn to be virtuous and wise—TRUE HAPPINESS will certainly ensue.

WHEN encircled with pleasures, and in the pursuit of happiness, we forget that the arrows of affliction may pierce our hearts, and destroy the enthusiastic structures which are too often reared in a juvenile fancy; but should the distant prospect deceive us, and our ascent to the flowery temple of that fickle deity, FORTUNE, prove difficult, and disappointments in rapid succession obtrude upon us, our most favorite amusements become insipid, we lose our taste for the society of our gay associates. In the sable hour of affliction, RELIGION is alone able to support us; and although we may have slighted her serious admonitions, while captivated with success and dissipation, yet we now solicit her meliorating influence.

AN inviolable attachment to VIRTUE, and a strict adherence to DUTY, will, notwithstanding the misfortunes we may meet, facilitate the journey of life. Self-approbation greatly contributes to our enjoy-

ment; nor can we be deprived of a tranquil and happy mind, while we reverence the dictates of conscience. *Do as you would be done unto*, is a precept which should early be impressed upon the heart; and they whose actions coincide with this copy will ensure a permanent reward.

THE being, possessed of a mind restless for revenge, fabricating mischief, and aiming to blast the little buds of pleasure which now and then present themselves in the desert of life, is alike an object of our pity and our fear.

THE social, benevolent, and sympathetic, partake in the sorrows of each other. Sympathy and benevolence are among the pleasing signatures of the human heart; and he who is divested of them, must be a *Misanthrope*. Agreeable connections, greatly contribute to our enjoyment of life.

SUCH is the force of fashion, that we are frequently obliged to submit to its powerful voice; for unless we are subservient to the mode of the times, we must prepare for the derision of our *well-bred companions*.

IN an action which involves the happiness of future life, too much caution cannot be observed. Dazzling appearances should not bewilder the reason; for altho' we may be seated upon the silken sofa, or roll in the gilded carriage, happiness may be a stranger to the mind. Cheerfulness is often expressed in the features, while anxiety corrodes the heart.

THAT human life is of a cobweb texture, is an idea which should be impressed upon our minds. This would tend to secure us through the storms in which we ride. In youth we too often look with impatient expectation to those enjoyments which we fondly imagine will be connected with maturer age—painting in idea, unnumbered qualifications, and promising ourselves a succession of pleasures. Few of us but find it a rugged path; or if we glide through life in the possession of all we had vainly pictured, old age will insensibly steal upon us, and the infirmities of weary nature, proclaim our approaching end; and, although we may have been loaded with the most flattering honours, the wrinkled messenger of death, whose arrow is not blunted by the numbers it has slain, will finally terminate the period of existence. Where are those that once crowded the busy streets, grasping after riches, popularity and fame? Are they not enshrined in the silent tomb; and become objects unfit for sight? This will also be the case with us, in a few revolving years: Nay, perhaps we have already taken leave of friends dear unto us.—What are the objects which engage our daily attention but shadows, that make a momentary im-

pression, and leave, upon recollection, an imperfect remembrance—passing from us with such velocity as mutually to efface each other.—Let us not then suffer ourselves to become infatuated with the foibles and vanities of the world, which too often enslave us by their opinions, and frequently make us the objects of their derision; but while the votaries of vacant gratifications summon their idle amusements to assist the flight of time, may we pass those moments of relaxation, which nature demands, in such pursuits as will tend to strengthen rather than weaken the mind.

K. A.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

If you think the following essay on the excellence of SINCERITY, more particularly as it respects the female character, worthy a place in your very useful and entertaining *Cabinet*, by inserting it you may oblige the writer—

ROWLAND.

## THE EXCELLENCE OF SINCERITY.

VIRTUE is a theme highly interesting to all those whose minds are uncorrupted by the vices of the world, and whose hearts are unfilled by the impurities of *modern* regularity and politeness. It is a subject, though continually harped upon by the dissipated and gay, and which is ever emphatical in the mouths of the vulgar, that never will be rifled of its beauties, so long as the advantages of society are experienced in the world, or mankind are indulged with the exercise of their reason. Among the numerous excellencies that constitute the truly virtuous character, *Sincerity* is not the least conspicuous; as a diamond of peculiar brightness it sparkles in the midst of the goodly compound, and gives to the rest a dazzling lustre. *Sincerity*, like the passion it inspires, is ever interesting; it steals insensibly on the heart, and at once secures the affections. Why does the voice of innocence and truth ever sound agreeably in our ears? Why does the simple unvarnished tale of distress, so easily command our pity and excite our compassion? Why does the hand of charity so readily obey the generous impulse, when called to the relief of unaffected misfortune? Methinks no other reason can be given, than because *Virtue*, however meanly clothed, is always lovely. O *Sincerity*, I hail thee as the first of virtues, as the parent of friendship, as the source of love;—to thee are we indebted for our most rational enjoyments, and our truest pleasures; without thee, the world would become a desert, and mankind as uncultivated as the rudest savage. In every situation and in every character, *Sincerity* is greatly admired; but no where does it gain the admiration, to which it is



to justly entitled, or appear with such distinguished beauties as in the character of a FEMALE; there it shines forth in its proper sphere, dignifies her native charms, and commands her the respect of all who behold her. Q ye fair ones, of what advantage is the elegance of thy person, or the fairness of thy complexion? Of what avail are all the advantages of wit and genius, of politeness and education, without this dignifying charm? If all the accomplishments human nature is capable of receiving are in your possession and you are destitute of this invaluable refinement, this most precious gift of heaven, you will be looked upon with scorn, and treated with contempt.—ELIZA is not beautiful, but comely in her person, not elegant, but interesting in her appearance, not remarkable for the sprightly sallies of wit or genius, but sincerity is in all her expressions, and in every action, and the goodness of her heart excites the admiration of all her acquaintance. With the friend of her heart, her confidence is without reserve; and however it may be abused, she has the sweet consolation of reflecting, that no other than the tender language of the heart has ever escaped from her lips. Ever tender of the feelings of others, she is careful not to irritate, where she cannot soothe; and sooner would she endure the severest pain, than willingly, to any one, occasion the slightest uneasiness. Unacquainted with deception herself, she fears no rival in the affections of her friend, and jealousy is a stranger to her heart. As a reward for such sincerity, the life of the virtuous ELIZA glides on in happiness and peace, undisturbed by those pangs of conscience, or stings of remorse, which are ever attendant on the vices of the world. Hallowed are the raptures of virtuous sincerity, and amply do they recompence the pains attendant on her sacrifices.

—♦♦♦—  
From the Literary Tablet.

#### THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD MANIFESTED IN HIS WORKS.

EVERY object, presented to the view of man, manifests a Supreme Being. Nor does the flower, which blooms unseen, and wastes its sweetness in the desert, afford a less display of divinity, than the spacious concave, adorned with innumerable stars and planets, which "wheel unshaken thro' the void immense." The beauty with which all nature glows, and the perfect adaptation of the several parts of the universal whole, at once refute the wire-drawn sophistry of the Atheist, and strongly impress on the mind a conviction, that they have been moulded by the plastic hand of an all-wise and omnipotent Being. Nor in their beauty only are we enabled to trace the divine Architect. Were the vol-

ume of nature unfolded to our view, we should discover that there exists not one useless particle of matter. Innumerable species of animated beings, existing for a moment, and which have never been delineated by the naturalist, form each a link in the great chain of existences, extending from infinity to nothing. With what sublime ideas must a contemplation of the works of Deity fill the soul! When we look abroad on surrounding objects, from the oak, which for centuries has braved the tempest, to the rose which adorns the valley, our minds cannot but be filled with admiration. The most minute objects, which being familiar, are disregarded, if viewed in all their connexions and consequences, must convince us that they are formed by design, and that their author is worthy of adoration.

But when we contemplate the more sublime scenes of nature—the tempest spreading desolation,—the volcano overwhelming cities in one universal ruin—the earthquake engulfing whole provinces in unfathomable abysses,—when we send our imagination into the illimitable regions of space, and behold systems on systems pursuing their destined courses in the utmost harmony, we exclaim, there must be a God.

Notwithstanding man, unable to investigate the manner in which the Sovereign of the Universe brought things into existence, when "he spake, and it was done," can only know that for him all things were made, and that to comprehend it would be but satisfying an impertinent curiosity, he is endowed with faculties, which enable him to make nature subservient to his use. By the art and industry of man, are the most powerful agents of nature made to promote his felicity. By his industry the barren heath is turned into the fertile field, the whole earth teems with the bounties of nature, and every breeze wafts him the conveniences of life on the bosom of the ocean. Though all the works of creation from the towering cedars of Lebanon to the humble hyssop springing on the wall, carry evident marks of divine impression, it is in man the existence, power and goodness of a God are particularly displayed. His form is calculated at once to please and terrify. The fiercest beast, which roams the forest, and satiates his hunger with blood, at the sight of man shrinks appalled. Dignity, the emblem of that soul, which animates him, marked in every feature, in every movement, is a striking characteristic of him. But though man, in beauty surpasses animated beings, as a being endowed with reason and reflection he more particularly arrests our attention. His mind is so organized that it seems to want no powers, no capacities of perception, no instincts or affections which are necessary, or can be conducive to the completion or happiness of a being, perfect in

all its parts, and manifesting its divine mechanism. These powers are indeed left rude and unpolished, that art may have full scope in unfolding, and raising them up, and bring them to maturity. But as the seed, which contains the stamina of the future plant, calls for the enlivening rays of the sun to produce the ambrosial flower, so do they require the maturing rays of the sun of science to call forth their beauties and enable their possessor to fulfil the end of his existence. Of improvements man has not been neglectful. The perfection to which the sciences and arts have been carried, is a proof of the unbounded powers of the mind. Is then such a being as man, so exalted, so noble, capable of such perfection, who can trace effects to their causes, bring past scenes to view, enjoy the present, and from analogy, judge of the future,—the mere child of contingency? No; such an idea is the creature only of minds corrupted by vice, who, conscious of having forfeited all claim to felicity in another world would wish to believe, their existence is not to be protracted beyond the present life.

#### REMARKS ON SLAVERY.

EVERY son of nature is entitled to freedom as his natural inheritance. If his inclination, or interest, subject him to another, his master has his concurrence for the authority he is vested with, which he may exercise as long as is by stipulation agreed. But absolute slavery can only be incurred by a delinquent for the breach of some law of that society of which he professes himself a member, and whose protection he enjoys, this, and this only, is lawful slavery, which may yield a recompence for the losses of him that has been injured. Policy would prefer the infliction of this punishment to taking away a life that may be of service to the public. To send a man into the other world for damage he has done in this, is adding to the loss. Let him stay here and strain his nerves to repair it.

#### BOOKS,

WHILE they teach us to respect the interest of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert.

#### REMARK.

THE unfeeling mind is unacquainted with those sublime emotions which dignify the benevolent heart, and consequently ignorant of its most refined pleasures.



## Poetry.

## FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

By giving the following pathetic lines,  
from the pen of Cowper, a place in the *Literary Cabinet*, you will oblige,

SERENA.

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## LINES,

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his  
solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute—  
Oh, solitude! where are the charms  
That fages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts, that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bellow'd upon man,  
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the follies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These vallies and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
E'en here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place;  
And mercy, encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

## ANSWER,

To the celebrated Song of Waller, inserted in the last Magazine.

Go lovely Rose!  
Tell him that wastes his time on me,  
That now he knows,  
When he resembles me to thee,  
How dang'rous female beauties be.

Tell him while young,  
Who fain would have my graces spy'd,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou hadst not thus untimely dy'd.

Calm is the breast  
Of beauty, from the light retir'd,  
And peace her guest,  
Who wishes not to be desir'd,  
Still hadst thou flourish'd, unadmired.

Go die! that he  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee:  
Pluck'd from thy stem no more to share,  
Of aught that made thee sweet and fair.

—♦♦♦—

## FROM THE COLUMBIAN CENTINEL.

Mr. Russell,

Many of our newspapers, of late, have forfeited us with their 'over-done enchanted Pastorals.' Tho' not meant as a direct *burlesque*, you would gratify me, by inserting the following:

## MARY.

'Twas morning and MARY arose,  
Her stockings and garters put on;  
Instinctively follow'd her nose,  
And walk'd with her back to the sun.

She smil'd, and the woods were illum'd;  
She sigh'd, and the vales were depress'd;  
She breath'd, and the air was perfum'd;  
She frown'd, and saw nature distress'd;

She nodded, the trees nodded too;  
She murmur'd, and so did the rill;  
She wept, and the evening dew  
Fell in tears on the neighbouring hill.

She slept, and the flowers sprung up;  
She blush'd, and the rose look'd more red;  
She was hungry, and went home to sup;  
She was tir'd, and so—went to bed.

—♦♦♦—

## EPIGRAM.

On seeing a Miser at a Concert.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
To calm the tyrant and relieve th' oppress:  
But Vauxhall's concert's more attractive pow'r  
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at three-score:  
O strange effect of music's matchless force,  
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

## Literary Notice.

Messrs. Thomas & Whipple, of this town, have in press, and will publish in about two weeks, in a neat duodecimo volume, "Dr. Aikin's Letters to a Young Lady, on a course of English Poetry," handsomely printing on a beautiful woven paper and a new type. All the copies received from Europe of this late work have been disposed of at an advanced price, and the execution of the present will equal the London edition.  
Newburyport, April 5, 1806.

## Editors' Notices.

The Sentimental Gleaner, No. 2, we this day present to the readers of the Cabinet, not doubting that it will prove as acceptable as the preceding number.—K.A. is informed that future numbers will be most cordially and punctually attended to.

To those who may deem Sincerity of any importance to the character of either sex, (and we cannot think but most of our readers deem it of high importance,) the communication of Rowland must be interesting. He is requested to continue literary favours.

The request of Serena is with peculiar pleasure complied with.—Future original or selected communications, displaying equal taste, shall find a repository in the Literary Cabinet.

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## ONCE MORE.

Those of our patrons in town who have not as yet found it convenient to pay the first semi-annual advance, which became due, agreeably to the conditions of publication, on issuing the first number, will oblige the publishers by embracing the earliest opportunity to call or send and pay the same, and receive a receipt.—Let it be recollected, likewise, that the second semi-annual advance became due on the 15th of February.

## Barried,

In Portsmouth, Mr. BENJAMIN FLOYD, Bookbinder, to Miss ELIZABETH HICKEY.—Mr. NATHANIEL SOUTHER, to Miss NANCY CREASY.—Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES, to Miss ELIZABETH NORRIS.

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